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III.—T. L. BEDDOES,¹ A SURVIVAL IN STYLE.

I.

Buffon said, "Show me the style and I'll show you the man" [*le style est de l'homme même*]. Puttenham (*Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 161) wrote with equal justice: "his [man's] inward conceits be the metall of his minde, and his manner of utterance the very warp and woofe of his conceits"; or, in other words, "show me the man, and I'll show you his style."

¹ Born 1803, at Clifton, England; son of the Dr. Thos. Beddoes whose life was published by Dr. Stock, 1811. In 1825 he went to Germany, and, with the exception of a few transient visits to England, lived there, as a distinguished medical student and scholar, until his death at Basel in 1849. Twice he was recommended for the chair of medicine in two German universities, and Prof. Blumenbach, of Goettingen, declared him possessed of an amount of talent which exceeded that of every other student who had received instruction under him during the fifty years of his professorship. With the exception of "Death's Jest Book," B.'s chief drama, most of his poetry was written before his departure from England; and during the last twenty years of his life he neither produced much nor published. At his death he consigned his MSS to the disposal of his friend, T. F. Kelsall, "to print or not as he might think proper."

Kelsall's edition, accompanied by a very able Memoir, appeared in 1851 (London, W. Pickering), and is now very scarce. This fact, and the very meagre notices of Beddoes in books of reference, have seemed to make the foregoing particulars necessary. The following interesting judgments are added to show how little is known of Beddoes, and how well he deserves study: "His later dramatic compositions and fragments, though showing a certain vigorous and passionate thought, have an increasing tendency to exaggeration and extravagance, and are hardly amenable to the ordinary rules of criticism" (!). —J. M. Graham, *An Hist. View of Lit. and Art in Great Britain*, London, 1871, p. 191, note. "In 1850 appeared as a posthumous work a wild play, musical throughout, with grand echoes of Elizabethan thought and passion, the *Death's Jest Book* of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, who died young in 1849."—H. Morley, *Engl. Plays*, p. 434. "Nearly two centuries have elapsed since a work of the same wealth of genius as *Death's Jest Book* hath been given to the world."—W. S. Landor, in *Forster's Life of L.* II 495. "Now as to extracts which might be made: why, you might pick out scenes, passages, lyrics, fine as fine can be; the power of the man is immense and irresistible."—Robert Browning, Letter to T. F. Kelsall.

Beddoes' Poems and Letters are one more welcome illustration of the truth of Buffon's observation; but, in a far higher sense, of Puttenham's. Here the style is the direct, necessary expression of the writer's inmost nature. Since he was in the highest degree original, the fact has a significance, in matters of English style, far deeper than has been attributed to it.

The Natural History of English Style remains to be written. Meanwhile, the path by which its chief laws may be traced out and confirmed must traverse the works of those authors who were original *and national*; who, if they borrowed, assimilated matter and manner as well to a certain *Volksgeist* as to their own genius; and who were all, in a greater or less degree, the natural heirs, the opulent users and transmitters, of what might be called the residuum of English expression. It is not likely that many English poets, from Cynewulf down, were conscious of exercising any such vestal office, but this very unconsciousness renders the facts and the value of them more unimpeachable. Shakspeare's dramas and Milton's *Comus* offer very valuable material for the study of alliteration in English, though the former ridicules its abuse (*Mids. N. D.* I 2; *Love's L. L.* IV 2, etc.), and the latter, while explicit enough as to "the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre" [rhyme], does not mention alliteration in his definition of "true musical delight" (*Introd. to Par. Lost*).

If we class the characteristic works in English literature with reference to the history of style into three periods, the Anglo-Saxon epic style and Shakspeare represent two of them. The third has no complete representative, but among its most significant writers (style being here assumed to have little more to do with constructive power than in the case of the Anglo-Saxon poets) is Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

Beddoes' intimate connection with Shakspeare, in point of thought and style, is so marked that he has been called an Elizabethan, "a strayed singer," and the like. His more general relation to the historical development of English literature and style has been perceived only dimly.

The *Encycl. Brit.*, 10th ed., article Beddoes, says: "He may be termed a Gothic Keats, the Teutonic counterpart of his more celebrated contemporary's Hellenism. The spirit of Gothic architecture seems to live in his verse, its grandeur and grotesqueness, its mystery and gloom." Beddoes himself calls *Death's Jest Book* "a Gothic-styled tragedy," and Kelsall, his biographer, I cxxi,

"the Gothic drama." Remembering the 18th century definition, or lack of definition, of the word Gothic, the following notices are more satisfactory: "I intend to study Anglo-Saxon soon" (Letters, p. lxxv); "He never revisited Italy, and he certainly was seldom in France; the national characters, modes of thinking, and literatures of those peoples not being accordant with his mind, *which was altogether Teutonic*" (Kelsall, I cxii). The discriminating biographer of Beddoes reaches here a truth which even he fails to discern and apply when speaking directly of B.'s style. The object of this article is to show that his style is Germanic (Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic), that it is Shakspearian, and (what follows from the foregoing) that it contains the chief elements of the historical English style.

The ideal English style for the epic, and for the tragic drama, is confessedly a weighty one. The word, as well as the thought, must clash down in the scales. Anglo-Saxon poetry is a series of such hammer-strokes, as it were. The disconnectedness (partly induced by paratactic construction) is sometimes intolerable to a modern ear; but the immense advantage of a modified style of that character is very apparent in the enormous force gained from the sudden fling of Shakspearian metaphors. It is very plain that *strong* figures are the corner-stone of style, but especially of English style. There is, however, a difficulty at the outset in comparing any strong English style with Anglo-Saxon. The A. S. epic-lyric poetry is very subjective, and works through the feelings upon the feelings in the strongest manner. Shakspeare, though bound to no device in style, and touching all keys, delights to work chiefly through the pictures of a glowing imagination upon the kindling imagination of the hearer. With him the action upon the feelings is not least powerful when indirect. The deficiency in A. S. shows itself in unprecise figures of speech, or in sufficiently precise but fragmentary epithets, now varied and now doubling upon themselves. The force spent in figures is astounding,¹ but we do not seem to get on. The tone, powerful though it is, becomes elegiac, almost passive. Heinzel (*Ueber den Stil der altgerman. Poesie*, Strassburg, 1875) and Gummere (*The Anglo-Saxon Metaphor*, Halle, 1881) have shown that Christian influence is at work here; an influence, however, which Gummere has convincingly shown to be limited in its operation. A. Hoff-

¹ The adjective *heard* occurs 12 times in Byrhtnôð.

mann (Der bildliche Ausdruck im Beowulf und in der Edda, Englische Studien, VI 163-216) is of the opinion that the Old-Norse, which is notoriously rich in similes, while A. S. is not, has been able to develop them because the Norse poets aimed at a living and concrete presentation of what they had to tell, and realized this through figures of speech, and especially through the simile. But Gummere is undoubtedly right in asserting that the Anglo-Saxon did not use the simile more, because he had not time for such balanced and leisure utterance (see also ten Brink, Gesch. der Engl. Lit. 24). But this is completely true only of the fully expressed, developed simile. The latter figure, more especially when combined with metaphor, is nearly as natural a vehicle of hurrying thought as the metaphor pure and simple. Our American (humorous) slang is a witness to its energy. Hegel also has shown (Aesthetik, I 536) that many of Shakspeare's similes are effective even in the most moving situations and in high excitement. A chief characteristic of the simile, apparently not noticed by Heinzl and Gummere, is that it addresses itself to the understanding and the imagination primarily (Hegel defines the object of the simile to be "die klar *vor Bewusstsein* stehende Bedeutung in der Gestalt einer verwandten Aeusserlichkeit zu veranschaulichen," cited by Marheineke in Herrig's Archiv, LI 174). The metaphor may work upon these primarily, but it has in serious poetry usually a distinct element of feeling. The metaphor is warm; it absorbs and gives out heat, whether of feeling or imagination. The simile is diaphanous, scintillating, a glancing aside; it reflects the light of the intellect cast upon it.

How far a subjective style, proceeding directly from and to the feelings, is an original characteristic of A. S. poetry, must be left to more searching investigations than have yet been made. The elegiac character would seem inherent in the race. The cuckoo is a bringer of sad thoughts to the A. S., of joyful thoughts to the German. Melancholy has been said by an acute observer (Brandes, Hauptströmungen der Literatur des 19 Jahrhunderts, I 59 ff.) to be a matter of *raisonnement* with the French, but of temperament with the English. Many A. S. poems, many early incidents and anecdotes, would seem to confirm this view. And yet we find the second period of bloom in English literature—the Elizabethan—uniting those characteristics which have been shown to favor both the metaphor and that variety of the simile which unites clearness, conciseness, and power. Nor have the conditions

changed since, except that as the literature lost in intensity, the simile gained upon the metaphor, and itself lost in compactness. The Elizabethan style can be shown to represent, in the main, the national English style in all periods. It is also at least probable that an early dramatic tendency in A. S. literature would have brought with it a freer use of the simile, and that the whole character of it, as regards the use of figures, would have been an embryonic Elizabethan. It is far more probable that every succeeding return to true dramatic writing in English will show a recurrence to the character of his writing who is English of the English—Shakspeare.

The preceding discussion has made it possible to define Beddoes' style more narrowly. In his use of *Kennings* he is, on the whole, more Anglo-Saxon than Shakspeare, and perhaps more brilliant than any poet since Shakspeare. In the relative use of simile and metaphor he differs scarcely from Shakspeare, and approaches very near the ideal that Whately sets up (Rhet. Pt. III, Ch. II, §3): "Where the case will not admit of pure metaphor, generally prefer a mixture of metaphor and simile; first pointing out the similitude, and afterwards employing metaphorical terms which imply it; or *vice versa*, explaining a metaphor by a statement of the comparison." There is scarcely a tedious or a lame simile in the whole of Beddoes' works. In the character and quality of his metaphors B. is not less forcible, unlabored, and beautiful than Shakspeare, but he is far less many-sided, and often less judicious. Other minor points will be mentioned in order.

Beddoes' relation to Shakspeare and to his own age.

Of English authors, Beddoes was intimate only with Barry Cornwall. Among his contemporaries he admired chiefly Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats; but "his admiration and delight fully rested in Shelley alone." Shakspeare he worshipped.

"Shakspeare was an incarnation of nature, and you might just as well attempt to remodel the seasons, and the laws of life and death, as to alter 'one jot or tittle' of his eternal thoughts. . . . He was an universe; and all material existence, with its excellencies and defects, was reflected in shadowy thought upon the crystal waters of his imagination, ever-glorified as they were by the sleepless sun of his golden intellect. And this imaginary universe had its seasons and changes, its harmonies and its discords, as well as the dirty reality; on the snow-maned necks of its winter hurricanes rode madness, despair, and 'empty death, with the winds whistling through the white grating of his

sides'; its summer of poetry, glistening through the drops of pity; and its solemn and melancholy autumn, breathing deep melody among the sere and yellow leaves of thunder-stricken life." Letter, March 3, 1824.

"These are the honey-minutes of the year,
Which make man god, and make a god—Shakspeare."

Letter from Oxford, 1825.

"Witness kind Shakspeare, our recording angel." Lines written in Switzerland (I 215).

"To my mind the only error of the Cenci is that its splendid author seemed to have the Greeks, instead of Shakspeare, as his model in his mind's eye." Letter, Nov. 21, 1823.

"Not in the age, but in the spirit of his verse, written after their grand manner, was he of the brotherhood of our Elizabethan worthies." T. F. Kelsall in *Fortn. Rev.* XVIII 51.

"Is it not really a ridiculous fact, that, of all our modern dramatists, none . . . has approached, in any degree, to the form of play delivered to us by the founders of the stage? All—from Massinger and Shirley down to Shiel and Knowles—more or less French. The people are in this case wiser than the critics." Letter, February, 1829.

And yet Beddoes will be no imitator, nor Shakspeare reviver.

"I am convinced the man who is to awaken the drama must be a bold trampling fellow, no creeper into wormholes, no reviver even, however good . . . With the greatest reverence for all the antiquities of the drama [he refers to Marlowe, Webster, etc.], I still think we had better beget than revive, attempt to give the literature of this age an idiosyncrasy and spirit of its own, and only raise a ghost to gaze on, not to live with. Just now the drama is a haunted ruin." Letter, January, 1825.

"He borrowed nothing, either from his Elizabethan precursors, or the chief objects of his admiration among his contemporaries, Keats and Shelley." *Encyc. Brit.*, 10th ed., article Beddoes.

While B.'s language seems to possess all the elements of the Shakspearian, there is no trace of the consciously antique in it, not even a single instance of "Marry, a parlous child," or the like. Once only, in the *Bride's Tragedy*, written while he was still a minor, an antique phrase occurs: "her cheeks with grief ybrined." I 1.

Intimately connected with Beddoes' remarks on Shakspeare, and important in the matter of his affinities in style, is his opinion of his own writings:

"I read Shakspeare and Wordsworth . . . and doubt, and seem to myself a very Bristol diamond," I xcii. "I begin to prefer anatomy to poetry, I mean to my own, . . . besides, I never could have been the real thing as a writer. There *shall* be no more accurate physiologist and dissector," I lvi. "I would

really not give a shilling for anything I have written, nor sixpence for anything I am likely to write," I lxxvii (1827). "Such verses as these, and their brethren, will never be preserved to be pasted on the inside of the coffin of our planet," I lxxviii. "Such doggrell" [Death's Jest Book], I lv. "I open my own page, and see at once what d—d trash it all is—no truth or feeling. . . I thank heaven that I am settling down pretty steadily to medical studies; labour there can do almost all," I lvii. "He [Procter] is only about as much too brief as I am too long-winded. . . My cursed fellows in the Jest Book would palaver immeasurably, and I could not prevent them," I lxxix. "[This] age of crockery," I lxi. "Here . . . in Melpomene's sepulchre in Germany," I lix. "Moore's song style is the best *false* one I know, and glitters like broken glass," I xc.

Kelsall (I xxiii) thinks that B.'s Pygmalion is "the sole instance of a direct impress from another mind, in the whole compass of his poetry." Absolutely none have been found in Death's Jest Book, and the following reminiscences of Shakspeare in the earlier pieces are the scanty gleanings of all the labor in this direction :

Second Brother, I 2 (Vol. I, pp. 16-17) [too long to quote], cf. Macbeth, III 3, 40-120.

Bride's Tragedy, II 2 (Vol. I 204) :

"He is the glass of all good qualities."

cf. Hamlet, III 1, 161; 2 Hen. IV, II 3, 21, 31.

Bride's Tragedy, II 4 (I 220-1), cf. the monologue of Hesperus with Macbeth, II 1, 33 ff.

Ibid. III 2 (I 232) :

"Thou that with dew-cold finger softly closest
The wearied eye; thou sweet, thou gentle power,
Soother of woe, sole friend of the oppressed."

cf. Macbeth, II 2, 37.

It must be remembered that the Bride's Tragedy was written when Beddoes was 19 years old.

Beddoes' Epithets, Kennings.¹

Among B.'s early memoranda, "made for his own guidance in the mechanics of dramatic art," occur the words: "Marstonic lines for Melchior; metaphors of hell, lower animals; try the effect of using no epithets," I xxi. This was the exception with Beddoes. He employs the epithet with the large freedom of the A. S. poet, and with unsurpassed skill. "The poet's (*i. e.* Beddoes') magic is in the web of his verse; and penetrating every portion of its

¹ O. N. Kenningar = descriptive names, synonyms.

texture, it makes its presence felt in his most fragmentary compositions, in single lines, and often in mere epithets." Kelsall.

The Moon. This wife for a month of the earth (Letters, lviii); cf. the O. E. "Adam's grandmother," for the earth. The primrose-sandalled moon (Sec. Bro. I 1). That wolf-howled, witch-prayed, owl-sung fool, fat mother moon (Death's Jest Book, III 3). The ashes of noon's beams [moonlight] (D. J. B. I 105).

Star. Stingy star-shine (D. J. B. III 3). Star-hilted lightning (Sec. Bro. II 2). The unshaven Nazarite of stars [comet] unbinds his wondrous locks (S. B. III 1); cf. Shaksp. 1 Hen. VI, I 1, 3, and Webster (White Devil, V 1), rough-bearded comet. Star-nailed cloud (Vol. I 114). My love-consumed incense star [his wife, who died in childbirth] (D. J. B. III 3); incense comes, or came, into the market in round, reddish-yellow pellets of hazel-nut size. Star-numbered tresses [numberless] (D. J. B. II 2). The tide of night, with its star-tipped billows bright (I 207). Night—her breast o'erwrit with golden secresies (I 136). With the foregoing compare the following from Shakspeare: All yon fiery oes and eyes of light (M. N. D. III 2, 188). Look, how the floor of heaven is inlaid with patines of bright gold (M. of V. V 1, 58). Night's candles are burnt out (R. & J. III 5, 9). These blessed candles of the night (M. of V. V 1 220). There's husbandry in heaven, their candles are all out (Macb. II 1, 4). Cf. the Anglo-Saxon epithets for the sun: *dæ3-candel* (Riddles, 88⁸⁶); *dæ3-sceald* (Ex. 79); *weder-candel* (Andr. 372). The spots of heaven, more fiery by night's blackness (A. & C. I 4, 12). The cinders of the element (2 Hen. IV, IV 3, 57). Diana's waiting women (Tr. & Cr. V 2, 91).

Earth. This grave-paved star (D. J. B. III 3). A hoary, atheistic, murderous star (D. J. B. II 2). Hell-hearted bastard of the sun (D. J. B. II 2); the metaphor = hell-containing; Beddoes never throws away adjectives. This sepulchral planet (D. J. B. I 1); similar to the preceding. This dear planet of wool and leather [of people requiring clothing] (D. J. B. III 3); cf. Old-Norse *vind-kers botn* [floor beneath the wind-cup] (Vigfusson, Corpus Poeticum Boreale, II 456).

Natural Phenomena, etc. The semi-eternal stony populace of the planet [old towers] (Letters, lxi). Noah's world-washing shower [Deluge] (D. J. B. III 3). Forest-powdering winds (Sec. Bro. II 1). The labyrinthine winds (S. B. I 2). Man-mocking air [ghost] (S. B. III 3). Branch-dividing, light noon air (S. B.

III 2). In the mead, nightingale-nested (S. B. I 2). Sheep-specked pastures (S. B. I 2). Storm-souled fleets (D. J. B. III 3). The palace-banked streets [of arched Grüssau] (D. J. B. II 2). Tiny thunderer of flowers [bee] (Torrismund, I 3). The bee, in pied velvet dight (Bri. Trag. I 1). That winged song, the restless nightingale (B. T. I 1). The Danaë of flowers, with gold uphoarded on its virgin lap [daisy] (B. T. I 1). The blue violet, like Pandora's eye, when first it darkened with immortal life (B. T. I 1). A kiss-coloured rose (D. J. B. II 2). The sea-wide grave (Sec. Bro. II 2). Ghost-gaping (Letters, xxxviii). Arches and their caves, now double-nighted with heaven's and that creeping darkness, ivy (D. J. B. III 3). The caved Triton's azure day [sea] (D. J. B. I 1); cf. the following Anglo-Saxon and Old-Norse kennings for the sea: *fāmȝe feldas* (E. 287), *ganotes bæð* (B. 1861), *fiscas bæð* (Andr. 293), *yða ful* [beaker of waves] (B. 1208), *fāmiȝ bōsma* (E. 493), *seȝl-rād* (B. 1429), *swan rād* (B. 200), *hron rād* (G. 205), *laȝu stræt* (B. 239), *ȝeofenes beȝanȝ* (B. 362), *flōða beȝonȝ* (B. 1497), *wæteres hrycȝ* (B. 471), *ēȝor here* (G. 1537), *merehūses mūð* (G. 1362), *brim lād* (B. 1051), *wætres brōȝa* (G. 1395), *gār secȝ* [the rager; see H. Sweet in *Engl. Stud.* II 314 ff.] (G. 117), *blá-mœr* (Vigfusson, II 457), *Rán-himin* (II 470), and the following additional O. N. kennings for objects in nature, etc.: *vind-hialmr* [sky, wind-helmet] (II 457), *vind-flot* [wind-floe, cloud] (II 457), *ár-tali* [year-teller, moon] (II 454), *unda-bý* [wound-bees, arrows] (II 484), *kald-nefr* [cold neb, anchor] (II 458); cf. Shaksp. The babbling gossip of the air [echo] (Tw. N. I 5, 292); Rich scarf to my proud earth [rainbow] (Temp. IV 1, 82).

Time. Life, that glassy interval twixt us and nothing (Vol. I, 111). The shadow of Rome's death [Middle Ages] (Letters, lxx). Sword-straight, and poison-quick [good instance of B.'s preference of metaphor to simile, as quicker]. The world-sanded eternity (D. J. B. III 3).

Man. This deserted human engine [man in despair] (D. J. B. II 3). The bloody, soul-possessed weed, called man (D. J. B. III 3). This crime-haired head (D. J. B. IV 3). Brutus, thou saint of the avenger's order (D. J. B. I 1). Plead . . . with a tongue love-oiled (D. J. B. IV 1). [You] have a heart that's Cupid's arrow-cushion, worn out with use (D. J. B. II 2). This chrysalis of Psyche (D. J. B. IV 4). A prison, a dismal ante-chamber of the tomb, where creatures dwell, whose ghosts but

half inhabit their ruinous flesh-houses (Bri. Tr. I 3); cf., especially with the last two instances: *sáwle-hord* (B. 2422), *sáwel hús* (Guth. 1003), *feorh hús* (Byrhtn. 297), *lic hama* (Crist 628), *bân hús* (B. 3147), *ferhð loca* (E. 267), *bréost loca* (D. 167), *bân hringas* (B. 1567), *ferhð cōfa* (G. 2603), *bréost cōfa* (G. 574), *mun-strönd* [breast, shore of the mind] (Vigfusson, II 452), *svefna-ker* [eyelids, cups of sleep] (II 452), *tára-vellir* [eye, cauldron of tears] (II 452; see also II 450 for further explanation of the figure), *val-dögg* [blood, wound-dew] (II 484); cf. further in Shakspeare: This gap of breath [mouth] (K. John, III 4, 32); The anvil of my sword [my enemy] (Coriol. IV 5, 116); This foolish-compounded clay, man (2 Hen. IV, I 28).

Abstract. Swan-necked obedience (S. B. III 1). War, the spear-maned dragon (S. B. III 1). Humbleness, the lark that climbs heaven's stairs, but lives upon the ground (S. B. II 2). Glass oaths (Torrism. I 2). The meek and twilight-loving eye of lone religion (Bri. Tr. I 3). Prim Conscience's old tailor, Hypocrisy (B. T. IV 1). The Plague, the spotted fiend, the drunkard of the tomb (Vol. I, 145). The body-bursting spirit's yearnings (D. J. B. III 3); cf. *Him wæs 3éomor sefa, wæfre and wælfus* (Beów. 2419). Rehearsing death [sleep] (D. J. B. III 3); cf. Shakspeare, O sleep, thou ape of death (Cymb. II 2, 31), and O. N. *draum-þing* [sleep, parliament of dreams] (Vigfusson, II 457).

A further search for characteristic epithets in the authors of the Elizabethan age, and even in the works of modern poets, would doubtless yield many good ones; *e. g.* Sir Ph. Sidney (Sonn. lxx), Grief but Love's wintry livery is; and Shelley (Cenci, 468), That palace-walking devil, Gold; and especially Keats, as in *Hyperion*, B. I.: Those green-robed senators of mighty woods, tall oaks, branch-charmed by earnest stars, dream, and so dream all night without a stir. This last has, as might be expected, epic fulness, as contrasted with Shakspeare's and Beddoes' nervous dramatic energy. But probably neither Keats, nor Beddoes (Anglo-Saxon though he is), nor any other English writer, has anything so extraordinarily Anglo-Saxon as Shakspeare's "anvil of my sword" for "my enemy." Webster's "A politician is the devil's quilted anvil," is different (Duchess of Malfi, III 2). A careful reading of several later and contemporary poets, with this very point in view, again brings out the fact that in no matter of detail are the genius and art of the poet more perceptible and nicely balanced than in

the use of epithets. Only a few English writers have reached the energy and excellence of the A. S. in this. Beddoes is probably the most distinguished example since Shakspeare. Audacity alone cannot produce fine intense metaphor. Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* is an instance. He escapes into Spanish or maudlin as soon as his very limited metaphor-condensing power is exceeded. The dictionaries of the English dialects contain many good examples, and so does English slang-speech. But in both cases the anonymous framers have worked in the same line of thought as the Anglo-Saxon folk-poets. The A. S. and Shakspearian epithets, together with those of Beddoes, are the very "axles of thought, kindling with swiftness," and roll on quite too fast for many a modern poet's introspective amble.

HENRY WOOD.

[*To be continued.*]